By HAROLD CARTER.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) Baffin of the police told me this story. Of course he may have been lying, but my principle is never to say anything of a man behind his back that one wouldn't say to him to his face, and no man that I know would call Baffin a liar face to face.

Corporal Shannon of the Northwest police set out north from Edmonton on a March morning to cover an 890-mile trail and bring back Laughing Cloud to be hanged in Edmonton jail. He cursed himself as a fool when he set out, because he had trusted the Indian and the Indian had betrayed his trust, thereby necessitating this second Journey

Laughing Cloud had killed his brother, and Shannon had gone to get him the preceding October. He found the Indian's wife, but not the Indian. He learned from her that Laughing Cloud, aware of the inexorable pursuit, had gone north into the Arctic circle to say good-by to his father and mother, who were hunting caribou over the barren grounds.

Laughing Cloud's squaw advanced a singular proposition on behalf of her husband. If Shannon would leave Laughing Cloud in peace to say goodby to the old tolks she pledged that he would appear in Edmonton to be hanged in February.

As it was too late in the year to continue the pursuit at that time, Shannon accepted the proposal. had heard that the Indians were faithful to their bargains, but he was skeptical when it was a matter of life or death.

And his skepticism proved justified, for February came and went, and there was no Laughing Cloud. Whereupon Shannon, disgusted with the world, and Indians in particular, saddled up and rode out north.

He had covered some 500 miles by the end of March, housing himself in



He Lost All Sense of Direction.

snow huts that he built, and living off the proceeds of his rifle, with what food he could obtain from the isolated police posts. By the end of the month he was in a desolate stretch of country, remote from any habitation. And then occurred the worst blizzard of that year.

They say an April blizzard is ant to be a bad one, but this was one of the worst ever known in that region. Within five minutes of its start Shannon had lost all sense of direction, the pony refusing to face the wind and standing with lowered head. There was nothing to do but to offsaddle

Some such shelter Shannon made, and, coiled up in his blanket, he shivered himself to sleep. He awoke numb. and found the blizzard raging with worse ferocity.

Twelve hours later, having eaten all his provisions, and being unable to light a fire, he resigned himself to His legs were numb to the knees; his pony had fallen in the snow and was stiffer than stone.

Shannon knew what the result would He prepared to face death bravely. He sat, huddled in his blanket, thinking only of Laughing Cloud and his unfulfilled mission.

He must have dozed, for he awak ened suddenly to see an Indian at his side. The man threw back his blanket and revealed the features of Laughing Cloud. Shannon's heart leaped to think that the Indian bad been true to his trust.

Without a word the Indian stepped out into the snow, motioning to Shannon to accompany him. Shannon's legs had been numb, but he felt a tingle of blood in them now, and he was able to limp haltingly after Laughing Cloud. As they advanced, too, the flerceness of the storm seemed to decrease, and Shannon said afterward that he hardly felt the sting of the snow in his face.

They must have proceeded about mile through the storm when they suddenly came upon an old ice house. It had evidently been constructed during the early months of the winter. The March thaws had reduced it to solid ice, now coated thickly with the falling snow. Inside it was warm and comfortable

More than that, inside was charred wood, suitable for rekindling, with a little tea and some frozen caribou

in a few moments Shannon had kindled a fire and was brewing a hot draft in the tin can which he had taken automatically from the saddle of his dead horse. He offered Laughing Cloud some, and also some of the meat but Laughing Cloud only shook his head quietly and watched Shannon

After he had eaten and drunk Shannon managed to restore the circula tion in his legs with snow. He ha no doubt now that the Indian had come to surrender bimself, and it did not occur to him to have any fear. He turned over in his blanket and went to sleep beside the fire, while Laughing Cloud stood in the doorway, watch-

him with a quiet smile. Shannon knew that the Indian had

wanted to show hie gratitude for Shannon's trust in him. He knew he would be there when he awoke. when he awoke Laughing Cloud was

And there was another man in the tent-Helmsley, in charge of the last police post that Shannon had passed. Helmsley was shaking him by the shoulder and peering anxiously into his face.

"Well, you seem pretty snug," he sald, when Shannon awoke. "When I saw your horse lying dead in the snow I felt sure that you were gone. I have been riding hard after you for the past five days, but you always kept a little ahead of me. How in the world did you manage to find this cave? I suppose that Indian made it when he went south. Got anything

Shannon produced the rest of the caribou meat, and Heimsley-devoured it ravenously. Then he stretched himself out in his blanket at Shannon's

side. "I'm glad I caught you," he said. I felt sure you were gone. Well, there's no need to look for Laughing

Cloud any longer. "But I've got him," answered Shan-

on. "At least-" He paused suddenly, and for the first time the suspicion entered his

mind that the Indian might have changed his mind and fled again. Or perhaps he had never meant to surrender, but had only saved Shannon out of an impulse of humanity, when he had found him, half conscious, in

"You've got him?" inquired Helmsey, looking at Shannon curiously.

"Yes. He found me lying in the to be around here somewhere. Why are you looking so strangely, Helmsley?

"Because," answered the other slowy, "Laughing Cloud surrendered himself in Edmonton last week, and the news was telegraphed up, so that we could bring you back."

"Must be a mistake," said Shannon. onfidently. "When I see your man I'll show he isn't Laughing Cloud."

"I think you're wrong," answered lelmsley. "Laughing Cloud con-Helmsley. fessed, and-he was hanged in Edmonon yesterday morning."

TAKE DELIGHT IN SMUGGLING

Women Are the Worst Offenders Against the Government in This Respect.

Are women less honest than men? The customs officials are perhaps beter qualified to answer that question than anyone else. They deal with bundreds of women in a matter that tests the honesty of everyone. And they say not infrequently, "women are liars!

"Why, you ought to hear some of the things that men declare," said one of them. "A college professor declared that he got his shoes half-soled in Paris for 75 cents, and another man declared a gold tooth! I told him that no one would know the difference if he'd keep his mouth shut.

"But women! One of them looked me right in the eye and swore that she didn't bring a thing, and then I found a bunch of aigrettes in her trunk. Another had 20 yards of real lace hidden -do you know where? in a hot water bottle! And when I told her to come across she said, sassylike, 'Well, you've got me this time, but d- you, I've fooled you many times before!"

Nine times out of ten feminine friends of the woman who smuggles listen to the tale of "bluffing the government" with admiration, yet if anyone should openly accuse such a woman of being a thief she would grow one with indignation. She would insist that she did not steal. She was only bringing back with her what she had paid good money for, she would say, and she didn't intend to pay twice She has no deep respect for, no un shakable faith in the law, as men have who accept it without questioning. That is why men seldom smuggle, while women do it continually.

Then, too, women do it because they see in it an element of sport. Men will take chances where a great risk is involved. They will stake their all on a business venture. But a thing like cheating the government out of a few dollars is too small, too petty, for them to consider worth while.

Quail Is Farmers' Friend

The quail, between his cheery calls of "Bob-White," is busy consuming 135 varieties of insects. He will eat on an average 75,000 insects and 6,000,000,000 weed seeds a year. He is the natural enemy of the boll-weevil and the potato-bug and the best friend of man, who is trying to destroy him in nearly every state. If we do not protect the quall, it will not be long until his cheerful whistle will be heard no more, and in its place we will have the unwelcome buzz of destructive insects as they settle on the farmer's crop to devour it

Let Big Fish Get Away. Honors for hooking the biggest fish

that ever got away go to Martin Ulrich, a salesman of Oakland, Cal., who was himself authority for the story. Ulrich and a party of friends were out fishing for big fish in Ulrich's launch Germany, off Angel island, in

San Francisco bay. Suddenly his line gave a violent tug. He grasped it with all his might, and so strong was the pull that the launch began to plunge wildly through the WAVES.

After a few minutes of excited un certainty something strange and shapeless rose from a swirl of foam ahead.

It was submarine K-127, taking a practice spin. Ulrich's hook had fouled a ring on the exterior of the submarine.

He cut the line.

The Unanimous View. Harold Bell Wright, the popular novelist, was talking in Chicago about

"There are a hundred different opin one as to what a genius is," said Mr. Wright, "but all authorities are agreed that it's absolutely unsafe to lend him

ary occupancy, is the best toward England. tured, writes E. N. Vallandigham in the Philadelphia Record, for its accommodations for tran- ing beach. As a matter of fact, the sients are, or were, out of all propornentals of all ranks.

snow, and took me to this cache of his," answered Shannon. "He ought Dutch Scheveningen, where the ser at leisure and emerges in street cosried thousands of hooded wicker tume. Nothing could be more seemly, beach chairs make the foreshore like modest or droll. Elsewhere along the a vast apiary.

power-driven craft that traverse the sides. Beigian interior waterways is to enjoy Huge and luxurious hotels, rich a charming experience, for the land is wine cellars and a truly magnificent rich in varied interest, now occupied gambling house, the Kursaal, are at

STEND, as a place for tempor- | North sea glooms beneath your eyes

On the Bathing Beach. Ostend has a summer repute for gayety, and daring display at the bath-

costumes would hardly shock one tion to its size and normal population. hardened to the things that a com-if there is ever a time when Ostend plaisant police tolerate at a hundred has no visitors its population then American seaside resorts. The squeamnumbers something under 50,000. Dur-ing the long season of its summer and houses on wheels with gay curtains autumn vogue, which extends from jealously drawn as the lady fully clad the first of June nearly to the end of steps in. After sufficient time for October, there are far more translest change of costume has been allowed, than permanent inhabitants. It is a the fat Flemish horse, under the guidfavorite place for Londoners on vaca- ance of a fat Flemish female compantion, but Ostend also shelters conti- ion of the bath, draws the bathing machine into the water, and in due The place is by no means what the season the fair bather steps into the awed admirer of his betters calls "ex- embrace of the North sea without clusive," yet it is utterly unlike any scandal. When her bath is finished American watering place, popular or the hut on wheels again receives her, otherwise, and it is in acute contrast the fat horse laboriously draws her beach one catches sight of sirens in Ostend lies in West Flanders, 14 scant, close-clinging, gaudy costumes miles from that medieval sleeping that reveal every line of the figure beauty, Bruges, the most remarkable as they disport themselves along with survival of older western Europe. A their male escorts, but even for these steam railway, a trolley line and a freer ladies the discreet bathing macanal connect Bruges with Ostend. To chine awaits, and the curious pry in go by canal in one of those slow little vain at its uncommunicative wooden

by market gardens, now by the villas the service of the invading Germans.



THE PROMENADE OF OSTEND

sky of Flanders.

Old and New Ostend

There is old Ostend and new, the winding streets, surviving bits as picturesque as parts of Bruges itself. An ample railway station, and many wide ern touch, and the shore seems wholly gance. Take some great American seaside resort, transform its huge wooden | relief of the great seaport. hotels into sturdy permanent structures of brick and stone, its board with a granite sea wall, clear it of merry-go-rounds and every like catchpenny device of the garish and noisy kind, and you have Ostend of the sea-

An ample foreshore lined with those rope cannot outgrow is spread out begranite-buttressed bluffs above. Thoupay a penny for a chair, whence the Europe's play places.

of well-to-do Flemings set amid a riot! When Ostend is in its normal summer of bloom and amply shaded with and autumn condition the Kursaal is not the man for great responsibility. of bloom and amply shaded the the seat of all its gayety. Here are a But the man who says, "I can do the eye takes in the stately towers and gorgeous assembly room of huge size, thing, and I will," the man who bespires of antique Bruges silhouetted in a theater with large seating capacity, lieves in himself and in his ability to soft, air-drawn lines against the tender private dining rooms, private play carry through what he undertakes is rooms, broad awninged piazzas for the masterful man-the one who will with the sea beneath one's do things, not dream about them. eyes, all the solid and liquid luxuries old with beautiful churches, quaint that folk with money to spend enjoy,

Besieged Many Times. Ostend has stood many a slege, the most notable that of a little more and comparatively new streets give than three centuries ago, when the even the older part of Ostend a mod- place yielded to the Spaniards after a resistance of three years. The city modern. Glittering new villas, big and has a fine harbor with several basins little, salute the eye before one reaches and a narrow entrance artificially the Ostend of the Londoner's delight, created. Its normal traffic with Lonof the cosmopolitan throng, of gay-ety, naughtiness and wild extrava-ing the intimate relations of the two cities are suspended, doubtless to the

Nearly two centuries ago the Ostend East India company was organized by walk into asphalted ways buttressed the Emperor Charles VI, of Germany who as ruler of Austria also ruled the Spanish Netherlands. This company was intended to secure for Ostend a share in the East Indian trade, and to make the city a great commercial port. England and Holland, however, ridiculous bathing machines that Eu- jealous of their oriental trade, made protest, and in 1731 the emperor, after fore the eyes of the lounger on the having suspended the operations of his company for seven years, definitely sands walk or sit on the upper level abandoned his scheme. Since that to watch the sea and the bathers. You time Ostend has been mostly one of

Perpetual Rechristening.

man capital was known as Lygos until B. C. 658, when it blossomed forth into Byzantium and bore that name for close on eight hundred years. Byzantium, like Rome, was built on seven hills, and this resemblance led Septimus Severus to rechristen it Nova Roma. On making the city the capital of the Roman empire Constantine the Great bestowed his own name upon it, and ever since it has been known as Constantinople in the western world. This name, however, is ignored by orientals, who have called it Istambul and Stambul since its cap ture by the Turks in 1453.

Special Constables in London. The commissioner of police for the city of London has asked large busifirms to enroll members of their staffs as special constables, says London Weekly. Such constables are the rise. intended primarily for the defense of the buildings in which they are em-

| ployed, though it might be their duty Petrograd will have to change its to assist the authorities in the case name several more times to equal the of disturbances in their immediate record of Constantinople. The Otto- neighborhood. Their duties will be narrower than those of ordinary special constables. They will be called on for service in the event of the regular police being withdrawn to other parts of the country. All banks, food depots, newspaper offices and other buildings likely to be the scene of disturbances are asked to assist the police in this precaution. As far as possible those enrolled will be over the age for military service, so as not to interfere with recruiting for the new army.

Those kids of yours are difficul ropositions to manage, aren't they?" "Yes; they have to be handled with

Consolation. "They say new bread is to yeast.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate THE ENEMIES IN OUR VOCABU-LARY.

Did you ever think that many of the words and phrases which you constantly use are your real enemies, that they leave their hideous pictures and black shadows in your mind? "In the dictionary of fools we find 'I can't' very often, plenty of 'Ifs,' lots of words like 'luck' and 'destiny,' and phrases like 'if I only had time or a chance like other people." How many times have you been kept from doing a good deed by such phrases as "Oh, know I can't do that," "Somebody else can do that a great deal better,' "I am afraid to try," "I haven't the courage," "I fear I shall take cold or catch some disease if I do this or that"?

think I didn't know, and then after-I believe that those two words "I ward when the red-haired boy got in trouble my mother pinned a placard can't" have ruined more prospects and have kept more ability doing the on my back, and made me wear it to school for a whole week of misery. The word 'thief' in large letters was work of mediocrity than any other two words in our language. written on the placard, and I thought

Did you ever know a person who has a great many "I can'ts" in his vocabulary to accomplish very much? Some people are always using the words, "Oh, I can't afford to go there;" "I can't undertake such a hard task, let somebody else do that." "I am afraid of this or that" is a terrible hinderer, a terrible blighter of ambition, a cooler of enthusiasm. All achievement and all efficiency depend upon initiative, and that is easily killed by the fear words, the words which express doubt and uncertainty. "By thy words thou shalt be justi-fled, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Every person indicates his strength or his weakness by the preponderance of strong or weak words in his habitual vocabulary. Negative, weak words, words of doubt, uncertainty or hesitation, predominate in the vocabulary of a negative man; while the positive, plus, creative, vigorous, progressive words, which indicate mental dominion, prevall in the vocabulary of a positive, vigorous, progressive character, as they did in Webster's vocabulary.

· Did you ever think that every time you say "I can't" you weaken your confidence in yourself and your power to do things? Confidence is the greatest factor in achievement. Self-faith is a powerful asset, better than money capital without it. Nobody believes in the youth who thinks he cannot do things, who has no confidence in himself, no faith in his ability, because everybody knows that he cannot do a thing until he thinks he can. He must first believe in himself, must be convinced that he

can accomplish it. I know a young man who seems very ambitious in a general sort of way, but when the opportunity which, perhaps, he had been working a long time for, comes, he wilts, his stamina oozes out, his ambition wavers, and he does not feel equal to it. He does not have faith in himself equal to his ambition. Of course his life is a disappointment. The man who never wants to give a decided opinion, who always wants to reserve his judgment, or who says he doesn't know, or that he is afraid, the man who does not dare to begin things, who shrinks from responsibility, or who always thinks he cannot do this or that, is

THE TRAGEDY OF NOTHING TO DO.

Not long ago a rich woman was ar rested in Chicago for stealing, and tory of this now celebrated bon mot this was her excuse: "The most wretched, the most absolutely to-bepitied human being on earth is the woman with nothing to do. I believe I'd steal and burgle and set fire to the given by a literary club. On the police station, or do anything else under the shining sun to keep myself from being bored to death.

"I'd rather scrub floors for a living. and go home at night so tired I could hardly climb the steps to my attic with my little dollar and a half of honest money jingling in my good red hand, than to sit all day long with the gnawing devil of idleness eating my heart out and driving me to mad-

Steal? I should think she would steal or commit arson, or get up expeditions to the North pole or go down in diving bells or up in balloons, or do anything on earth to get something to to think of besides her own little silly, uninteresting, useless self, shouldn't

Isn't it pitiable to see so many people in the most glorious country in whom he complains of meeting everythe world, where 10,000 opportunities and unlimited resources are awaiting honest endeavor, resorting to all sorts | Englishmen among them. They seem of devices for diversion, just to drive as indispensable as the salt in our away ennul, just to keep themselves

Think of the rich people giving monkey dinners and squandering money like water on all sorts of foolish things, resorting to all sorts of ish things, resorting to all sorts of "Albion's stepsons are not very ami-demoralizing practices, dissipating, able. If the Yankee turns out thus and wasting time, life's most precious after having traveled all over Eu capital, just because they have noth- rope, how disagreeable must be be at ing to do-just because they do not home!"

Mister and Missis. The demand of the Leamington railwaymen that they shall be addressed

as "mister" reminds one of the remarkable artificiality of this word. "Master" was the original English Chronicle form of respectful address, representing the Latin "magister." somehow or other "master" has slipped down to be a title for boys.

The case is outdone only by "Mrs. No woman would like to be called "Mistress --" nowadays, but to ad dress an envelope to her as "Missis " would be even worse.-London

No Time to Lose Author-Don't you think I'd better slipped down to be a title for boys. wait until the war is over before I get while man must receive the corrupted out this book about it?

pronunciation, of which our language Publisher-Wait! I should say not is still so ashamed that "mister" looks Why, if we wait until then all the offi Publisher-Wait! I should say not hopelessly vulgar when written out cial facts may be known.-Life.



have to work for a living, because

somebody else has done the work for them. Just as though all that life

meant was to provide for the eating and drinking, the housing of our

A steady occupation is man's great

life preserver, without which, if he is

able to work, he cannot possibly keep

Our powers were given up for exer

cise, for achievement, and if not used,

man cannot long remain a man. He

will soon dwindle back to the brute.

Man's chief purpose in life, the

He was made to do

great object of his existence is

things; and idleness is fatal paralysis.

planned, made to serve a particular

The moment we divert anything

A watch was made to keep time.

When this woman was asked why

she stole, she said she had nothing

else on earth to do. When she was

a young girl she picked up a ring on

the street and gave it to a little boy

with "the most glorious red hair," she

whose ring it was, but I made myself

I should die before the end of the week. But I did not die. I lived to

hate the word thief worse than any

other word in the English language."

And yet, in spite of all this, a life of

idleness induced her to steal for di-

What Makes a Girl Popular.

desire to be popular with the other

sex, and every girl is interested in

to have a good time is to break away

ents is the girl whom they admire

The girl who is disrespectful to her

parents will not long retain the re

spect of others. Men know very well

that a girl who deceives her mother

cannot be trusted. A good daughter

has in her the making of a good wife

and a man remembers this when he

begins to think seriously of matri-

Value of the "Old Man."

with a sufficient allowance added

thereto to justify him in continuing

to do his best. It won't cost much, if

anything. The apprentice should also

ule that will warrant him in exerting

different wage rates, so there is little

bonus earnings.—Engineering Maga-

Origin of a Mark Twain Story.

Of all the witty things said or writ-

ten by Mark Twain no phrase has

been quoted oftener than his reply to

an alarmist report, "Rumor of my

death greatly exaggerated." The his-

will doubtless be of interest. Mark

Twain was on a visit to London some

years ago, and had been secured as

the chief guest at a dinner to be

morning of the day when the dinner

was to take place the secretary was

shocked to hear a rumor that Mark

diplomatic note to Mrs. Clemens, in

which he mentioned the rumor.

"Rumor of my death greatly exag-

gerated." - From "After Dinner

Von Moltke's Sage Remark

In the "Life of Von Moltke," by his

ite books Treftschke's "German His-

Sybel's "Foundation of the German Empire." In his travel diaries he

writes scornfully of the British,

where-"Pesth. On the yacht there

were 12 travelers, of course some

food, though they do not always sea

men kept to themselves, playing

chess.". Of a party of Americans he

met on a Danube river boat he writes:

son society.

. The English

Stories," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

zine.

mony.-Leslie's,

Every girl has the perfectly natural

said, "that ever flamed."

That was its sole purpose and object;

and if we attempt to use it for any

other purpose we rob it of its power.

from a fatal deterioration.

achievement.

purpose, we ruin it.

bodies and indulgence in luxuries.

CITIZENS AND PUBLIC HEALTH

Physical Well-Being Most Important to Community as Well as to the Individual.

There are few things of so great importance to the individual as his health. Upon it depends largely his attitude toward life and his relationship to his fellow man. Generally speaking, the physically well are prosperous and efficient and the sick or diseased unsuccessful and Inefficient.

The individual chronically poisoned by malaria or by hookworm infection finds his daily work onerous and the fruits of his labor give but little pleas-The consumptive would gladly exchange his bank account for physical health. Who would not give his material wealth if by so doing he could bring back loved ones lost prematurely by fatal disease?

The health of the community is the combined health of those living in it. The relation of the citizen to the health of the community is, therefore, his relation to the health of his neighbors and of those living in the same city or state.

The health of the community should be of interest to every individual, for upon it depends the welfare of himself, of his family and of his fellow citizens. Upon the health of the people depends the happiness and prosperity of the community. Without health there can be no real prosperity and such material success as may be attained is of little benefit.

knowing the secret of such popularity. Some girls have the idea that the way To the extent that the inhabitants of a community are sick the community itself is diseased. The community from the recognized rules of social The free-and-easy, reckless type has health only in so far as the people of girl may receive a good deal of are free from disease. To a commuattention of a certain kind, but it is nity health is a valuable asset; it insafe to say that men do not really sures prosperity, it attracts people. It care for such a girl. Certainly they increases the value of the land. Many do not have any respect for her. They letters are received daily at the public may enjoy a summer flirtation with health bureau at Washington from her, but such a girl never enters seripeople who are contemplating buying ously into their thoughts. The girl land and moving from one state to who is kind and thoughtful to her paranother, asking about the health conditions of certain localities.

GET RID OF PLAGUE SPOTS

Poorly Ventilated, Dirty and Crowded Habitations Are a Disgrace to the City They Disfigure.

Houses were first designed as a place to seek cover and protection during sickness, storms and inclement How about the "old man" and the weather, says a bulletin issued by the Chicago health department. At other apprentice? I have always felt and times, when the hardy people did not contended in my work that the "old man," as he is slightingly referred to, need this protection, they used houses infrequently. From the ancient, rude has a place in industry. His experihouses have developed the modern ence is valuable. He can be used as homes, where summer weather may trainer and coach. He may not be be had in deepest winter. The tenfast, but he is sure. He may, on the other hand, prove to be both skillful dency is for greater comfort and convenience and the open-air propaganand rapid on certain work. At any dist is more and more meeting popular rate, for the sake of his past services acclaim. Sun porches, sleeping rooms don't turn him adrift. If he is too old widely accessible both to air and sun and cannot work pension him. If he rays, are deemed necessary to the best can work find out what is best for him to do and give him a schedule

homes But homes of this kind are fewer by far than the residences of the humbler classes and there are many homes filled to overcrowding that en have an allowance added to his sched- loy only primitive means for ventilation. Such houses are simply generathimself. The apprentice, the average ing beds for the bad-air diseases. mechanic and the "old man" will have many cases tenants may know of their dangers, but the family purse deter likelihood of a clash on account of movement to more healthful surround

> ings. It should be brought home to the owners of unsafe, dirty and neglected houses that these should be made de cent. A good modern house may always be rented in any city. Profits do not depend on poor houses, and the tenant of an old, poorly ventilated, dangerous firetrap, never painted nor repaired, does not get his money's worth. In short, as a rule, he pays the highest price for the poorest accommodations.

Whether it be a fruit tree, an ornsmental tree or a timber tree, the time devoted to planting it is well and Twain had died auddenly. At his worthily spent. Within the last two wit's end, he sought to verify it by a decades the whole country has awakened to the importance of the forestry question. All states should be inter-Mark Twain got hold of the note and ested in preserving the remnants of telegraphed the now famous reply, our goodly forest heritage, and in passing on to future generations a land beautified and glorified by its wealth of trees.

It requires years for nature to build perfect tree, and it requires only a few moments for man to destroy nanephew, the field marshal, we read ture's work. The time has come when that at ninety he had among his favor- nature must be assisted in the beneficent task of reforestation.-Louisville tory of the Nineteenth Century" and Courier-Journal.

Sunken Garden in Old Basement. By transforming the basement of a ourned hotel into a sunken garden the people of Wiscasset, Me., got rid of an unsightly rubbish-filled excavation and replaced it with what has proved to be one of the most attractive features of

the town.-Popular Mechanics.

In Bulk. She-"I will admit that a woman eldom weighs her words. She-Nonsense! Women don't use

big words. He-True, but they would have to be weighed in such large quantities.

Art In America. "How is the view from your su-burban home?" "It makes me thirsty."

"Eh?" "The most conspicuous feature of the landscape is a beer sign."

The Faithful Follower. "That dog is absolutely devetes to me," said Colonel Bottletop, "follows

me wherever I go!" "Touching devotion!" replied the

exacting acquaintance. "But exceed-ingly poor taste!"